Bartholomew Fair;

OR, THE

Humors of Smithfield.

As ſung by Mr. JOHANNOT, *at Aſtley's Theatre, with univerſal Applauſe.*

Tune—"The Pieman."

[Printed and ſold at No. 41, *Long-lane.*]

O Bartlemy, Bartlemy Fair,
That ſcene of confuſion and frolic,
Such wonderful doings are there,
Wou'd cure an old maid of the cholic:
There's ſauſages frying in greaſe,
No one can diſlike but a ſnarler,
Black-puddings a penny a-piece,
"Walk in and ſit down in my parlour."
Ri tol de rol, &c.

There's round-abouts, wild beaſts, and monkies,
And alſo the wonderful pig!
There's gentlemen riding on donkies,
And gin for the ladies to ſwig:
There's conjurors, giants, and witches,
With—Show 'em up, ſhow 'em up there,
There's gingerbread cocks, ſir, and breeches,
And buttons a farthing a pair.
Ri tol de rol, &c.

O then if you walk but about,
There's "Here is your nuts, up and win 'em,"
There's fighting both in doors and out,
And pockets with nothing within 'em;
There's fairings of every kind,
There's waggons, with coaches and ſix,
Aye, and what I wou'd have you to mind—
A great many *ſlight of hand tricks.*
Ri tol de rol, &c.

There's, "Who's for a ride round the fair,
Step into my coach, miſs, and reſt?"
"O no, ſir, (ſays ſhe,) I declare,
I love a ſweet up and down beſt."
There's fortunes told here in a trice,
With huſbands for thoſe that have tarried,
There's "O, then, I'm ſure that is nice,
Dear me, how I long to be *married.*"
Ri tol de rol, &c.